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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere." *Carlyle.*



## A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. I. No. 4.

JANUARY, 1894.

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# The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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JANUARY, 1894.

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FRÄULEIN GABRIELLA WIETROWETZ.

*From a Photograph by Messrs. Lavender & Co., Bromley.*

## FRÄULEIN GABRIELLA WIETROWETZ.

It is in truth rarely that artists new to our shores are at once accorded a position in the first rank of executants, and for a very good reason: they seldom deserve it. Fräulein Wietrowetz is one of those whose success has never been doubtful from the very day of her first appearance at the Crystal Palace on the 23rd of April, 1893. Unheralded by any flourish of trumpets, and unaided by the stratagems and diplomacy resorted to by second-rate artists, she has won by sheer force of merit a high reputation not only by connoisseurs in London but throughout the British Isles.

When my cabby put me down at the corner of S. James's Place one November morning, on my way to "interview" Fräulein Wietrowetz, I found myself in somewhat awkward plight. I had unfortunately forgotten the number! What was I to do? I strolled along in the hope that I might perchance hear the strains of the Fräulein's lovely "Strad"—but alas, to no purpose. I heard someone *trying* to play Raff's long-suffering "Cavatina," and fled incontinently, as I was sure I should not find my quest in this vicinity. At one house a pompous footman informed me that he was "*unacquainted with the name*"; at another a neat housemaid washing steps told me that "all the young ladies play the violin, and Miss Cicely plays the banjo as well." This too was a clue of a negative character, and I resolved to try a house midway between the "Cavatina" lady and the heroine of the banjo; fortunately at the same time recollecting the name of Fräulein Wietrowetz's hostess. Lady Bright, I was told, lived round the corner; but also Fräulein Wietrowetz *didn't!* I however managed to elicit the fact that Mrs. Jacob Bright's house was opposite, curiously enough just about half-way between the Scylla and Charybdis that I have mentioned, and well out of earshot of both. In answer to my questions the Fräulein says:—

"I am a native of Laibach, in Austria, and had my first lessons from my father, commencing study when I was five years old. He was the conductor of the well-known No. 8 Artillery Regiment of Austria, and so I have been in a musical atmosphere from infancy. When I was ten I became a pupil of Musik Director Anton Geigere of the Conservatoire in Grätz, with whom I remained one-and-a-half years; and while I was with him I made my first appearance in public, playing at a students' concert Viotti's Concerto in G. Then I was a pupil of Ferdinand Casper. I succeeded in carrying off the first prize for violin-playing each year, and at last I entered the Hochschule, Berlin, and was at once placed in Joachim's class."

I enquire if it was not disadvantageous to have had so many masters?

"No, because they were all of the same school, admiring the same models; and each carried me a little further, though I learnt most from Joachim. He did not explain and talk so much to his pupils as the others, but his remarks, short, terse and pithy as they were, condensed much information into a few words, and he helped me, more than any one else, to realise in a measure my ideal conception of works. I also had one lesson a week from Herr Wirth, the viola player in the Joachim quartet, and I learnt much from him too. While I was a student at Berlin I was selected by Joachim to teach his ladies' class during his absence in England, and through him I have received many important engagements since."

I had considerable difficulty in extracting a full account of Fräulein Wietrowetz's triumphs from her own lips, for she has the modesty of true genius. The kindly offices of Miss Bright (herself an admirable violinist, and, like Fräulein Wietrowetz, a former student of the Berlin Hochschule), however, enable me to chronicle some of them. A bold flight was the attempt for the Mendelssohn prize in the Hochschule after the first year, but it was carried off not only then but in the succeeding year also. It is worth about £75 in English money. Her European tours have been many and uniformly successful. Besides frequent appearances in Austria (Buda-Pesth, &c.), Poland, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Northern Italy, as well as England, have been visited. The career in the British Isles has been an unbroken success; Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bradford, Cambridge, Liverpool, Cardiff, Nottingham, have all been in turn delighted with the noble classical style, pure tone and vigorous impassioned manner of the fair Austrian violinist, and on her return to these shores for the Henschel Concert in March she will doubtless receive a cordial welcome.

But Joachim is not the only musician of the first rank who regards Fräulein Wietrowetz as "one of the finest violinists of modern times, whom he was proud to style his pupil," as he said when introducing her at the Beethoven Festival at Bonn. Hans Richter has an equally high opinion of her (she played for him at Vienna on December 10th last), and so has Brahms, whom she met in the summer of 1892. I asked "How do you like Brahms' playing?" "Oh! he is a *charming* man!" was the reply. "Yes, I know, but what do you think of his pianoforte-playing?" I persisted. "I like him immensely!" was the only answer I could get. I suggested that in my opinion, paradoxical as it might appear, he gave the intention if he did not play the notes! A merry twinkle in the eye



and a hearty laugh was all the comment I could however extort, and with this I was fain to be content.

Fräulein Wietrowetz's great gifts are not only appreciated in public but also in the social circle, where her unassuming, unaffected, yet cordial manner render her greatly popular with all. No matter whether she be playing first violin to Joachim's second, with Kreuz as viola, Piatti as violoncello

and Fanny Davies at the pianoforte, in Schumann's quintet in Mrs. Bright's drawing room, or on the platform at S. James's Hall (she led three concerts last season and six this), she is always the same amiable, conscientious and able artist.

"And how do you like English audiences?" "I love them! they are so sympathetic!" We are very glad to hear it. We hope all other equally capable artists have the same experience!

— \* \* \* \* —

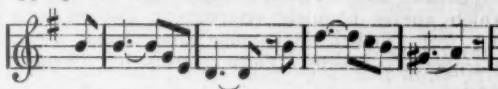
## PEEPS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS.

### No. 2.—GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

There are few of our readers to whom the music of Gounod's "Faust" is not more or less familiar, even if they have never seen the opera; and of course the story itself is well known too. Yet an acquaintance with the melodies of the lyrical portions does not enable us to properly appreciate the genius of the composer. There is so much dramatic appropriateness in the less continuous phrases, that an earnest and careful listener will derive as much pleasure from them as from the more "tuney" numbers. Through inability to write melody and over-anxiety to be "dramatic," or to a preponderance of infantile tunefulness over dramatic appositeness, most operas of the present century no longer hold the public; but Gounod seems to have happily blended the two elements in just proportions. Some critics say that the Faust of Gounod is not that of Goethe: there is, however, no evidence that he intended it to be; and we are quite content to accept Gounod's creation for what it is worth. There is only one difficulty of a practical kind in reconciling Gounod with Goethe, and that is in the character of the heroine. Goethe's conception of her is a young, undeveloped girl: while Gounod gives her such music as could only be sung by a mature and experienced artist. Thanks, however, to the art of the costumier and dresser this is hardly noticeable on the stage: for most of the "Margheritas" we have seen contrive to look fairly young and innocent, if occasionally robust.

Let us now seat ourselves comfortably in our stalls, previously to a performance of the most popular opera of the century. Listen to the mysterious accents of the gloomy introduction, with its solemn, rich harmonies! It is in three divisions, the first two being of somewhat the same character; the third, however, is more lyrical in style, and furnishes the theme of an air ("Dio Possente") sung by Valentino, which, though not in the opera itself, is published in the appendix. The lovely close is beautifully instrumented and deserves deep attention.

And now the curtain ascends and Faust is discovered, as an old man, in the gloom of his study, surrounded by books and the general apparatus of the mediæval philosopher. He laments his lot; he is sick of life; he has nothing to live for. He contemplates suicide; but his soliloquies are interrupted and modified by a chorus of reapers outside, who are enjoying themselves in an enviable, light-hearted fashion, accompanied by an imitation of the peasants' instruments on a "tonic pedal." Faust determines to summon Mefistofele, an evil spirit, to his aid, and promises to be his if he will restore him his youth. The air "Be mine the delight of Beauty's caresses," which Faust sings here, should be noted, as it recurs later with special appropriateness. Here it is:—



Mefistofele, however, has some little difficulty in inducing Faust to accept the conditions until he shows him a vision of Margherita, who he says shall be Faust's if he consents. This determines him, and he signs the contract and is at once metamorphosed into a well-dressed, young and handsome man. With this the first act closes.

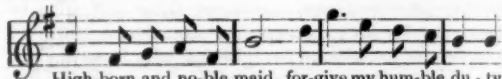
The second act opens with the "Kermesse." This is a kind of annual fair given in the Low Countries, resorted to by all sorts and conditions of men; and we have them all represented—soldiers, students, citizens, old women and young girls join in singing the animated and melodious strains, so familiar through fantasias for military bands, and pianoforte "transcriptions" of the opera. Amongst the crowd are Valentino and his friend Wagner. The former, in the exercise of his warlike profession, having to leave confides the care of his sister Margherita to the youth Siebel; and Wagner, to cheer up the company, calls for some wine and commences a song: he has hardly given the opening stanzas, however, when Mefistofele interrupts him

by asking permission to join the company, and promises to give a better song than Wagner's in conclusion. They insist, however, on his singing it at once. So he trolls forth the sardonic, mocking "Clear the way for the Calf of Gold," an odd and quaint ditty. Then he proposes the health of Margherita, after having uttered mysterious threats and prophecies to Valentino and Siebel. This is resented as a great liberty by her brother, and he is about to attack him with his sword, when he finds his arm suddenly powerless. This and the miraculous draughts of wine provided by Mefistofele (*en passant*, please notice the curious progression in chromatics by the orchestra while the liquor is being drawn!) convince the soldiers that the mysterious visitor is an emissary from the Evil One, and the sign of the Cross on their swords is employed to his discomfiture. Mefistofele and Faust then meet. Mefistofele promises him that he shall soon see the object of his vision in the flesh.

Again we hear from the orchestra the air already quoted, "Be mine the delight," and we have also introduced a little phrase of four bars, used in the Garden Scene with special significance later on, expressive of Margherita's innocence and purity, of which this is the opening:



Then comes the delightful Valse for Chorus and Orchestra, an irresistibly rhythmical movement which almost compels sympathetic motion with the feet. Siebel, Mefistofele and Faust await Margherita's advent. Faust accosts her in these strains:



High-born and no-ble maid, for-give my hum-ble du-ty

to which Margherita replies modestly that she is neither a lady or a beauty, and she does not require Faust's proffered escort homewards. Mefistofele rallies Faust on his chicken-heartedness, and with the resumption of the vocal waltz the second act ends.

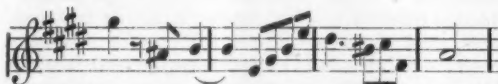
The third act (the Garden Scene) opens with a long instrumental introduction containing, amongst many other charming effects, one singularly beautiful and weird passage, repeated several times:



leading into the well-known air for Margherita's youthful admirer, Siebel, "Gentle flowers in the

dew," in which he finds that to his dismay Mefistofele's dark threat that every flower he touches, every heart he loves, shall wither and die, seems to come true. After a visit to sprinkle his nosegay with holy water as a charm previously to presenting it to Margherita, he returns to the strains of his own song in the orchestra, Faust and Mefistofele having arrived previously. The mocking comments of Mefistofele on Siebel's soliloquies are succeeded by his proffering Faust a casket of jewels as an offering to Margherita, which he assures him will further his suit far more than Siebel's flowers.

Left to himself, Faust launches out into the beautiful cavatina known popularly as "Salve dimora," a most impassioned strain expressing his love and admiration for Margherita, though as yet he has never spoken to her beyond the few words of greeting in the street. This lovely air is succeeded by the entrance of Margherita, herself as much impressed by the handsome stranger as he by her. She sings to herself the quaint "Canzone" in A minor, relating the story of the King of Thule and his devotion to his wife, interrupting it from time to time by musings as to the name and station of her handsome admirer. She discovers poor Siebel's flowers, and also Faust's magnificent jewels, which she determines to try on, singing awhile the well-known "Jewel Song":



Then enters Dame Martha, who has been left in charge of Margherita by Valentino, who advises her, not very wisely, to retain the jewels. This leads to the great quartet in which Mefistofele, occupying the attention of the old woman by pretending to make love to her, enables Faust and Margherita to do it in reality. Then follows the equally important love duet for Faust and Margherita, one of the most magnificent specimens of its kind in existence, where beauty of melody, richness of harmony and orchestration are displayed in a manner unsurpassed by any composer of any epoch. Margherita retires, but Faust continues to address her, resuming the melody of the cavatina. Mefistofele persuades Faust to listen to Margherita's soliloquies, and in the end, induces him to follow her, and with a long drawn-out symphony, the third act closes.

Some time is supposed to elapse before the commencement of the fourth act. When it opens the village maidens are taunting Margherita with the desertion of her lover and her unhappy condition. She laments her lot, and Siebel endeavours to comfort her, and vows vengeance on her betrayer. Then we have the home-coming of the soldiers announced with Valentino amongst them in the well-known vigorous chorus in B flat. Valentino

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enquires for Margherita, and Siebel has the task of imparting the melancholy intelligence about Margherita to her brother. While Valentino is in pursuit of Faust, he and Mefistofele come on the scene, and Mefistofele sings another sardonic mocking song, the well-known "Serenade."

Then we have the Terzetto, when Valentino, Faust and Mefistofele meet, in which the former is mortally wounded by Faust, through the supernatural aid of Mefistofele. He is found by Martha and her companions, including Margherita, and with his last breath he curses her and tells her she is the cause of his death.

Margherita seeks refuge in the church and in prayer. The strains of the organ and choir are heard, and are most effectively used. The organ music is truly characteristic of the instrument, and the whole scene most impressive. Conjointly and antiphonally with the organ is the orchestra used; and Margherita's supplications are interrupted by interjections from Mefistofele, who delights to taunt her with recollections of days gone by and her future fate, and this scene terminates the fourth act.

The last act opens with a long introduction. Margherita is in prison for the murder of her child, whom she has slain, her reason having given way. It is the morning of her execution, but Faust has gained access to her cell with the keys, the warder being asleep. He calls her and implores her to fly with him, but her wandering senses only allowed her to recognise him at intervals; while she murmurs fragments of the strains of the garden duet, and even the little phrase in which Faust first addressed her. She, however, refuses to attempt to fly, and places her reliance on prayer and repentance. A very remarkable passage is the sequence of "Rosalia," in which Margherita prays Heaven to receive her, the same notes being repeated each time a note higher until the high B is reached. At last, however, the unhappy girl expires, and although Mefistofele at first triumphs at the catastrophe he has brought about, he is foiled and overcome as a chorus of celestial voices, accompanied by organ and orchestra, proclaim pardon for the repentant; and the spirit of Margherita is borne by angels to its heavenly home.



#### HOW TO OBTAIN ENGAGEMENTS.

The first requisite is, it is *not* needless to say, ability. The number of persons who daily make application for musical appointments for which they are not in the slightest degree qualified is simply legion, as everyone knows who occupies a position of any responsibility in the musical world. Musical students, more than any other class, only too often seem to imagine that ambition is necessarily accompanied by corresponding ability; or they forget that to *admire* a certain performer very much is no guarantee that they can ever rival him. Nor are their efforts always directed in the best channel; one qualified to shine as an accompanist prefers to attempt the *role* of a soloist; the able violinist wants to appear as a singer; or perhaps dramatic artists wish to excel in the concert-room, or stiff and stilted concert-room performers want to go on the stage.

So before you can expect to get an engagement you must ask yourself—Am I really efficient in the line I wish to take up? Have I had the requisite training and experience? Do my sympathies and temperament incline in this direction?

If you can honestly answer Yes! to all these questions your engagements will assuredly come in time, though you may be delayed in your progress by having to fight your way through the crowds of nonentities who block the way to prosperity and fame and make the always difficult upward path more difficult still. We will presume that your

teacher or teachers have advised you that you are sufficiently advanced to seek to turn your talents into money, and that they are willing, as good teachers always are, to vouch for your ability if asked. It is to their interest to forward yours; and if you have gone to the right man in the first place, not only will it be a pleasure for him to assist a deserving student, but his recommendation will serve you in good stead. Even if your talent is exceptional you must obtain experience in public at all cost, though you at first have to take low fees or none at all. Of course, if you can secure a good first appearance at the commencement of your career, and you can create a phenomenal success straight away, so much the better; but such events are comparatively rare. Experience gained somewhere, somehow, is always essential to success; and for young aspirants the best advice is to fill up all your available time at low fees or none at all, and as soon as this is accomplished commence to raise your fees gradually. You will soon find out how far your own estimate of your powers is shared by the general public, as *entrepreneurs* are only too pleased to get hold of "draws." Many well-known artists now making a handsome income yearly have acted on this system.

Some prefer to make an imposing débüt at a well-known hall as a commencement for a career, and will even pay money for the "appearance." This cannot be recommended; for if you have



sufficient talent and perseverance you will get to the top without artificial aids, which only support you, as the cork does a learner to swim temporarily, and if you have the qualities for success there are plenty who can recognise it.

"But how am I to obtain the introduction necessary?" says some one. If you have been taught by a good master, of skill and reputation (and there are plenty of these in every branch), all you need do is to address a modest letter stating from whom you learnt, your experiences, etc., to such concert-givers as you think engage artists of a similar type to yourself, and ask them if they will be good enough to hear you perform. Many concert-givers have stated times for hearing aspirants, and you will be almost sure of a courteous reply if you send a stamped and addressed envelope with a suitable letter, and, even if you are not invited to perform, then you can try another; and when at last you have gained the concert-giver's ear, it is your own fault if no engagement follows. But you must be careful to select suitable pieces for performing to him; offer something which, while displaying your powers, is not unsuitable to the kind of entertainment at which you seek to appear. But, above all, don't attempt anything the least little-bit beyond you, or put on too many airs! Resolution and confidence is all in your favour, but it is not incompatible with an unobtrusive style, which, after all, is much more taking than one vulgar and "loud."

Having made a few successful appearances in the way suggested, the aspirant will generally find plenty of agents ready to take his or her name on his books and eager in proffering engagements. Caution is necessary in dealing with these gentlemen; there are sharks in every profession, and one cannot be too careful. There are advantages and disadvantages connected with their employment, and much depends on the temperament of the aspirant. Some of the most successful artists have never had an agent, *i.e.*, an exclusive agent, and this course is a wise one.

For public performers the possession of diplomas and certificates is of no use so far as the public are concerned. They may sometimes have an effect in obtaining a hearing, and so may be mentioned in seeking an interview, but unless it is something worth having it is best left alone, for it may do you more harm than good; so many people claim

medals and certificates now-a-days, and after all you will have to stand or fall by the public verdict.

Some people advertise largely and inundate conductors and concert-givers with prospectuses containing voluminous "press notices." This method may be useful for reaching provincial concert-givers at the commencement of a career, or for mediocre artists; but the best advertisement is public opinion and reputation, and the favourable criticisms of well-known journals whose honesty and care is above suspicion.

A professional card, with name and address only (or agent's name and address), inserted in a high-class paper is useful and unobjectionable, especially at the outset; and such also may be without much compunction be sent through the post if desired, but it is hardly "good style."

A very legitimate way of extending a connection is by the recommendation of friends, and what is more, it is one of the most effective. Artists of all kinds should never fail to cultivate geniality and a disposition to make friends; many a good engagement has been lost through "stand-offishness" or conceit, just as on the other hand lucrative appointments have often fallen in the most unexpected way into the hands of an amiable as well as talented artist. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days."

Public performers' testimonials lie in their personalities as well as abilities; hence written documents are not the same value to them as to teachers and organists. Few concert-givers will engage performers without themselves seeing and hearing them; but, where the appointment is of a permanent character, selections of the most likely candidates are usually made from documentary evidence for final determination at a personal interview.

Here more than ever the best advice is—be careful as to whose names you mention, whose testimonials you enclose, and what degrees you claim to possess. There are a great many of these to be had almost for the asking, and we have known several promising young musicians whose applications have been cast aside because in their innocence or inadvertence they have temporarily associated themselves with "shady" concerns.

May all our *debutant* readers mark, learn and inwardly digest our remarks, and reap a rich harvest!

— \* \* \* \* \*

THE harmonies of the early Villanellas of Naples, the ballets and fal-las and songs of four parts of the English school, dating from about the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries, were almost exclusively concords.

THE first employment of "unprepared" discords is generally attributed to Monteverde. Sir G. A. Macfarren says, however, that there are examples of these in the music of Jean Mouton, who wrote a century earlier than he.



## FANCIES AND FACTS FOR AMATEUR FIDDLERS.

The pleasing alliterative title which heads these remarks is not mine. It was suggested by a valued friend, who, being like Jonadab of old, "a very subtil man," evolved it, after intense and protracted thought, assuring me that it possessed the double advantage of catching the eye and being comprehensive in its scope. Such conclusive reasoning was not to be resisted, and I adopted it without demur.

With regard to fancies, I think I may safely assume that most of my readers will have a sufficiently large stock of their own, and will be more grateful for facts, provided they can be presented in a fairly readable form. Salomon divided fiddlers into three classes: those who can't play at all, those who play badly, and those who play well; and informed the royal amateur whom he was instructing at the time that, "Your Majesty has reached the second class." For present purposes I would divide amateurs into two sections, viz.—Those who are in earnest, and therefore properly deserving of the title, and those who are not. And though I will not take upon myself to say that the latter section predominates, yet it is safe to assert that its members, drawn up in phalanxes, would form a goodly army. To these the wisest counsel is, "sell your fiddle and worry your long-suffering friends with a banjo."

One meets fiddlers everywhere now-a-days. In large towns fiddle cases of all sorts of fanciful patterns jostle us in the streets, and dig us in the ribs in omnibuses and railway carriages. In this condition of affairs it is not surprising that the literature devoted to the instrument should have enormously increased of late. The bulk of this is rubbish of an uncompromising and sometimes a dangerously misleading kind.

The finest book on the violin is unquestionably George Hart's monumental work, and I am glad to learn that a new edition is in preparation under the able supervision of his son. The illustrated edition is somewhat costly, but the one without plates has the recommendation of cheapness, and of having the author's latest additions. It contains a considerable amount of matter not included in the more bulky volume; so that amateurs who do not care to wait for the new edition will do well to procure it. Another work of distinct value to amateurs is Fleming's "Fiddle Fancier's Guide," a work which, notwithstanding a somewhat catch-penny title, is the outcome of more matured personal experience than the writer's former one entitled "Old Violins." Mr. Fleming is a man of considerable literary polish, and his book, when he does not descend to such twaddling as to state gravely that, such and such a maker's outline is "restful," is capital reading. The practical com-

mon-sense which pervades his remarks on buying an instrument must be appreciated by every one who has observed the amount of money frequently thrown away by amateurs in procuring a rubbishy old fiddle with nothing but its age to recommend it. I cannot do better than quote his concluding sentences: "My advice to all who think of laying out five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or even twenty-five and thirty pounds on a violin, is to purchase a sound new instrument unless, of course, they have some exceptionally rare opportunity of getting one of the finer old ones at the same money—a chance which is not likely to occur—and, if they have no knowledge themselves of what a violin tone should be, let them seek the services of some one who does know."

To these words of wisdom I would add a recommendation to the purchaser to buy of a respectable dealer, even if his purse will only afford one of the cheapest fiddles in the market. The average toy-shop man knows as much about the regulation and management of a violin as he does about Sanskrit; and even if he has a glimmering of information on the subject, it scarcely ever happens that he possesses the mechanical skill needful to fit and adjust a bridge, soundpost, pegs and strings; and unless these items are all as they should be, the difficulties of manipulation are enormously increased and disappointment ensues. Every amateur, masculine or of the softer sex, should be thoroughly impressed with the absolute necessity of having these matters properly attended to from the outset. Yet, how often this is practically scamped by teachers in the course of their duties must astonish any one who will take the trouble to enquire amongst their amateur friends, especially—with sorrow be it said—amongst the young ladies. The soundpost is usually the feature most ignored. It may be found in all sorts of strange places, and it is not many years since the late Mr. Hart told me of a case where some new fiddles were brought to him by the violin instructress of a young ladies' academy, as the pupils could not make them sound right. I regret to add that the post was down in each case, and the teacher herself actually did not know it, nor did she grasp the gravity of the situation when it was explained to her!

With regard to strings the only useful advice I can compress within the limits of this paper, and which I can tender as the result of over twenty years' experience, is that to purchase the cheaper sorts is false economy, and that greasing strings with the idea of preserving them is a delusion. Keep them excluded from the air by all means, but don't apply oils, and don't buy a large stock at a time.

A word with regard to bows. It has often formed matter for surprise that the idea should be so pre-

valent amongst amateurs that, given a good fiddle, the quality of the bow is of the most secondary importance. I have seen many a fiddle case which, when opened, displayed in its interior perhaps a fine second-class Italian instrument, while attached to the lid were a couple of sticks, at full tension, that were twisted, top-heavy, or possessed the flabby resistance of a small walking cane. Such tools are worse than useless, and it has been well said that something may be done with a bad fiddle and a good bow, but the finest violin is ineffective under a stick which does not possess the great requisites of balance, strength, lightness and elasticity. Buy the best bow your means will allow. Those of the old French makers such as Peccatte, Lupot and Laffeur, when in good condition, are very costly, and Tourtes are of course unobtainable but at ridiculous prices. James Tubbs's best work is excellent if the buyer can afford his figure, and of foreign contemporary work I would most strongly recommend the bows of Richard Weichold, of

Dresden, which are to be had at a rather lower price, and are usually patterns of finish and good workmanship.

I fear that editorial restrictions will not permit of my touching on several points I had wished to include, but it seemed to me that to treat the matter in a less discursive style than I have done would render it even less attractive than it is. A string of condensed "don't's" is an excellent thing in its way, but difficult of digestion by the average reader.\*

Should this lucubration prove of any general interest, I will gladly devote some future remarks to the more fanciful side of the subject. It was my pleasure and privilege to hold something rather more than a passing acquaintance with perhaps the finest judge of violins in Europe, whose untimely death a year or two back must have caused surprise and regret amongst all real lovers of the leading instrument.

A. T. P.

— \* \* \* \* \*

"BIG Ben" of Westminster sounds an F of about 170 vibrations a second.

THOUGH we can only write about 30 words a minute, we can read about 300!

THE use of bells in churches is attributed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, about the year 400.

KETTLE-DRUMS are sometimes said to have been introduced into the orchestra by Handel; but as a matter of fact they were previously employed by Lully.

No invertebrate animal possesses a larynx. In fish we have only one or two instances of a larynx; the only fish capable of emitting sounds is named trigla.

SOUND of all kinds is produced by the vibration of a sonorous body, and is either what we call noise or of the nature of a musical tone. The sensation of a musical tone is due to a rapid *periodic* motion of the sonorous body; the sensation of a noise to non-periodic motions.—*Helmholtz*.

MR. W. CHAPPELL has proved by the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald Barry) that our Saxon and Danish ancestors had the habit of singing in parts.

To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures and thinking about them. To cultivate admiration you must be amongst beautiful things and looking at them.—*John Ruskin*.

THE noise produced by the great eruption of Cotopaxi in 1744 was heard over 600 miles. Cannon has been heard a distance of 370 miles. In the polar regions Sir John Franklin conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile.

THE intricacies of the English language are well illustrated in the definition given of a sleeper. "A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper!"

\* We fear then our readers are suffering from the effects of our November issue, so we forthwith offer a prescription for mental dyspepsia:—any number of grains of common sense, and a desire to learn; many scruples against skipping what one does not understand; and not an ounce too much of self-esteem. All food to be slowly absorbed. "Festina lente."—ED.

*See letter inside*

"So deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*



A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

January, 1894.

[20 PAGES.]

Price One Penny.

## Pianofortes & Organs

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## LOCAL NOTES; DECEMBER, 1893.

### *Concerts & Entertainments.*

ON Tuesday, the 12th, the Amateur Dramatic Society gave a performance at the Drill Hall, consisting of a farce entitled "The Burglar and the Judge," and Mr. Craven's drama "Miriam's Crime." It was a very rough night, but a fairly good audience assembled, and the performance was a success. Messrs. Powell, Cottrell and Cordrey took part in the first piece, while the characters of the second were portrayed by Messrs. Deane, Craig, Moorey, Headington and Fox, and Misses Eva Lind and Nancy Thurston.

SUCCESS attended the efforts of the new Choral Society on the 19th, when a concert was given at the Drill Hall. Macfarren's "May Day" formed the first part of the programme, Miss Maggie Purvis, (Royal College of Music,) taking the solo part, Mr. Chandler conducting, while the pianoforte and organ accompaniments were played by Mrs. Wells and Mr. Allen.

In the second part the Society, conducted by Mr. Allen, sang the following part-songs: Calcott's "In the lonely vale of streams," Cowen's "Boat song," Smart's "My true love hath my heart," (encored,) and Pinsuti's "Good night, good night, beloved." The intonation of the last piece was somewhat at fault, but, taken all round, the Society did very well indeed, and the conductors are to be congratulated.

Songs were given by Misses Purvis and Heron, and Messrs. Critchley and Knill, in each case to the satisfaction and delight of the audience, encores being numerous. Mr. Chandler played a pianoforte solo, and

a trio for violin, violoncello and pianoforte was given by Miss Heron, Mr. Tomlinson and Mrs. Wells. Messrs. Brinsmead kindly lent a grand pianoforte.

A LECTURE on Astronomy, illustrated by the magic lantern, was given by Mr. Cammell at the Drill Hall on the 21st, in aid of the funds of the Boys' Brigade. In this connection we are pleased to note that the *Boys' Brigade Gazette* re-produces a photograph of the "1st Wokingham Company," with a highly flattering title,—*"A smart Company on Parade."*

THE TOWN Band gave a performance of seasonable music in the Market Place on Saturday, the 23rd.

MR. Seaward continues his "Saturday night entertainments" at the Church Room, being assisted in his efforts by many kind friends.

### *Meetings, &c.*

AT the Town Hall on the 1st, there was a missionary meeting, in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

ALL Saints' Guild met on the 13th, and the C.E.T.S. on the 20th.

PRIZES and Certificates were distributed at the Town Hall on the 14th, to the successful pupils of the Science and Art School. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Dawson



Barkas, (Director of the School,) and by Mr. Cammell. Songs by Messrs. Harvey and Verralls, and a recitation by Mr. Powell also contributed to the enjoyment of a very pleasant evening.

THE annual meeting of the Wokingham Club took place on the 29th.

### *Charities.*

COATS and Gowns were distributed to a number of necessitous and deserving old men and women, on the 7th.

THE usual distribution of beef and bread to the poor people of the town took place on the 21st.

### *Obituary.*

MRS. Mower, mother of the Mayor, died on the 14th, aged 89 years.

MR. Benning, Parish Surveyor, died on the 19th, aged 74 years.



## THE MOON.

Up from the ocean's depths the silver Moon  
To trace her nightly journey hath ascended,  
While, to augment for earth the gracious boon,  
The stars a silvery radiance have blended;  
O'er sleeping Earth Night's Empress rules supreme,  
Making Heaven glorious with her virgin beam,  
Soothing man's thorny pillow with a beauteous dream.

Under her ray, in sleep, the merchant dwells  
The wealthiest man in Earth's most lofty city;  
Beneath her smile the slumbering lover tells  
His heartfelt passion in untiring ditty  
To the enchantress, at whose feet he kneels;  
In sleeping warrior's ear the trumpet peals,  
Mingled with tramp of feet, and sound of chariot wheels.

All Nature sleeps beneath her gentle glance,  
In tranquil rest forgetting human sorrow;  
The weary soldier leans upon his lance;  
The debtor sleeps, oblivious of the morrow;  
All things lie happy 'neath her sovereign sway,  
As through Heaven's vault she takes her star-lit way,  
And yields her glittering sceptre at the break of day.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

*Mr. W. J. ALLEN* begs to announce that he has REMOVED HIS BUSINESS to more convenient premises at Number 6, ROSE STREET, WOKINGHAM, only 3 doors down from Broad Street, and but a very few yards from his old Establishment.

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Our next number will contain particulars of a novel and interesting competition, in which all our readers can take part, a Portrait and Biography of Mr. Ebenezer Prout, B.A., a Special Musical Supplement, containing a pretty copyright song suitable for concerts, and Articles on "Seeing and Hearing," "Sight-Singing," "Anticipation v. Realisation," "Touch, Tone and Technique," &c., &c.

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All Local Notes, Advertisements, &c., to be sent to the Local Publishers.

All other Communications should be addressed to—

*The Editors, "The Minim,"*  
84 Newgate Street,  
London, E.C.

FIRSTLY, we wish all our readers the good old wish, "A Happy New Year." That its realisation largely depends on circumstances over which we have no control is a truism which, however, need not depress us. A real philosophy lies in this brief sentence: "We can either help a thing or we can not." If we *can* prevent a calamity and don't we have ourselves to thank for it; if, however it could not possibly be foreseen, we can acquit ourselves of all blame and resign ourselves to fate. If we miss opportunities it is our own fault; if we never have them we can't lose them. So we can commence a New Year with a light heart, bearing in mind that honesty, faithfulness and sincerity are in themselves largely productive of that happiness which we all desire. Musicians are often said to be a quarrelsome, jealous and dissatisfied set; but, after all, we believe them to be no worse than other people; and you know the old proverb about giving a dog a bad name! Men are often what other people make them.

— \* \* \* \* \*

THE minim was in ancient music the note of shortest duration in use. Morley in his "Introduction to Practical Musicke" (1601) ascribes the first use, if not invention, of the minim to Phillippo de Vitriaco, a musician of the 14th century.

SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT is reputed to have invented the "Concert Overture."

TURKEY is celebrated for its manufacture of cymbals and other instruments of percussion, and exports them in large quantities to all parts of the world. The exact composition of the metal used in Turkey is not known to the manufacturers in other countries.

THE guitar was exceedingly popular as a musical instrument during the latter half of the last century, and it seemed likely to oust the newly-invented pianoforte until Kirkman, the pianoforte manufacturer, succeeded in discrediting it in public estimation by giving away a number to milliners' apprentices and so making it unpopular.

To be a good accompanist it is necessary to be able to read well at first sight and to have a knowledge of harmony; an acquaintance with the characteristics of the music to be performed and of the performer, combined with tact and discretion, are all equally important. These qualities are principally gained by experience.



## MY FIRST APPEARANCES.

BY A MANY-SIDED GENIUS.

Notwithstanding its multitudinous varieties of character, feature and the like, the great human race can, with a reasonable stretch of imagination, be divided as to temperament into three classes of skins, viz., thick, medium and thin; in other words—those who are difficult to worry, those who are easily worried, and those who can give and take a lot

"With an urbanity, full of Satanity,  
Driving his foes on the verge of insanity."

as Mr. John Wellington Wells pithily puts it in "The Sorcerer."

My native modesty would not allow me to include myself amongst those of the first class, and that innate truthfulness I have developed so highly revolts against any association with the second class; in short, I am blessed with delightfully equable temperament, and can worry other good people with the same facility as I can bear their snubs.

In the first place, I worried our chief editor. I wanted to be interviewed properly; you know, the usual thing, gentlemen (or lady) with becoming smile, calls, produces note-book containing long string of questions (the bulk of which are quite unnecessary very often), takes down answers in shorthand or pretends to, gets to know a few homely facts (such as date of first vaccination, etc., etc.), and goes away to write up his or her interview, ostensibly from notes, but with a few judicious interlineations of a somewhat flattering character.

Well, I wanted to be done like that, but the C. E. said "Oh! rubbish, I can't spare a man, and Miss Fitz-Orkins is out; go and interview yourself;" and, as he was obdurate, I had to pocket my pride and submit.

The gentle reader will therefore please imagine I am seated in my study, smoking a cheap cigar (not too cheap), and the enterprising interviewer is industriously taking down as much as he or she believes.

"My first appearance? Well, you know, I've had a good many of one sort or another; I'm quite a many-sided genius. Give you a sample? I shall be delighted; but you must remember my luck has never been of the brightest, something has usually happened to spoil the show at the critical moment, and my name never came so prominently before the public as it deserved.

"I was a bit of an organist in an amateur way, you know, and an old friend once asked me to take his Harvest Festival at very short notice. Of course I complied with his request, and turned up the night before to see the organ, church, etc., and run over one or two things. Found it one of

those adapted churches with organ in dark gallery, and a lot of old pews left standing. Bellows-handle somewhere at the back, out of sight of congregation; boy who blew stood on little platform built in between two of the narrow disused old pews. Had an argument with boy in question after rehearsal as to keeping wind in bellows properly; he promised to do better on the festival night. Well, service commenced and went on all right until the anthem. I clean forget what its name was, but there was a prelude which commenced *forte*, full organ, stopping short just before entry of voices. Boy blew like Boreas up to entry of choir, and after the bar or two for voices alone I prepared to go on in triumph. Conceive my astonishment when, on grasping a handful of notes, not a sound came. I knocked just to hurry up the boy as arranged, but nothing happened. Choir saw something was up, but struggled manfully on. I got off the seat to give boy a bit of my mind, but he wasn't there! Peering into the gloom I saw something I did not quite recognise, so called out "George, where are you?" "Ere, sir," came a feeble, far-off sounding voice. "Where?" "Down 'ere between these pews;" and sure enough he was, the only thing visible being a pair of hob-nailed boots sadly waggling to and fro above one of the pew-sides. Stiffing my laughter as best I could I literally dug him out and put him right side up again. Of course, by this time the anthem was a wreck; it had collapsed entirely, and the vicar had gone on with the prayers. Afterwards I explained matters to him and the choir, and, although highly indignant at first, they exonerated me from all blame when I told the following particulars. It seemed that the boy was in the habit of sitting on the back of one of the pews between which his platform was fixed and pumping in that position. I put on a little extra power just before the end of the symphony which ran away with the wind. He started vigorously to keep up the supply, managed somehow to break off the bellows-handle, fell backwards down between the high-backed, narrow old pews, and became a fixture in the accumulated dust and mess of years, his feet telling their mournful tale just above the woodwork! Without assistance it was almost impossible for him to get free, as, to make matters worse, some old woodwork had been left lying about, and he went down amongst it with his nose nearly touching his knees. It was extremely funny, but my reputation as an organist was badly damaged by the confounded boy's misadventure.

"Have I ever come out as a singer? Well, once I sang in public, but I cannot honestly say it



was a success. I was staying in the country, and a concert was got up by my friend who was conductor of the local orchestral society, and wanted to shew off his pets' ability to play accompaniments, reinforced by the young lady who presided at the piano. Being rather proud of my tenor voice, and thinking to create a grand impression upon the locals, I put down the 'Death of Nelson' as my first song. He jumped at the notion, saying he would arrange band parts. I demurred at this, feeling certain something would go wrong, but he persuaded me to give in.

"Well, at rehearsal things went much better than I anticipated. The professor who presided over the big drum (borrowed for the occasion from the local volunteer band with the usual 'by kind permission,' etc., etc.—splendid advertisement for the corps, wasn't it?) realised to a nicety how much depended on his self-control and artistic feeling when the time came to administer 'the fatal wound,' and the amount of pathos and silent grief he managed to express by that simple but touching 'Bom' on his drum was worthy of a truly great artist.

"Several friends came in to hear the rehearsal in the afternoon, and all agreed that a great success was in store for all concerned. However, there was one member of the band, the young lady that 'manipulated the dominoes' (*anglice* played the piano) from whom no trouble whatever had been expected. Unfortunately, she was 'keeping company,' and her gallant swain insisted on turning over for her, and generally getting in the way of the double bass who was located close by. I found out afterwards he did not know a note of music, but possessed a rather good-looking phiz and particularly well starched shirt-front and cuffs, the consequence being that when wanted to *do* something he was glancing round the room with a self-satisfied smile or else hanging devotedly over his *fiancée*, with one elbow gracefully posed on the piano and the rest of him striking a more or less picturesque attitude for the benefit of the audience.

"Although I say it, I sang the song really very creditably, and was preparing to throw my whole soul into the last verse. The symphony died away—I waited a second before commencing to let every one settle down, and then I began. Meanwhile, the walking advertisement of the local laundry had put on his most resigned expression and was looking his picturesquest, leaning his elbow on the top of the little cottage piano, with one leg carelessly crossed in front of the other—in fact (as some one remarked afterwards), he only wanted some drapery, a Union Jack and a trident to complete the impersonation of a sorrowing Britannia.

"At the supreme moment the double bass player was suddenly seized with a desire to shift

the position of his instrument, and moved it quickly forward; in so doing he upset the balance of the grief-stricken Britannia whose leg slipped away from under him, and just as I had finished the affecting line, 'At last, the fatal wound,' and all were expecting the soft, sad 'Bom' on the big, big D (rum), that wretched young lover sat down on the bass of the piano with a bang that perfectly electrified every one for the moment. The reaction followed instantly, and the boys at the back of the room simply screamed with laughter.

"Of course, the song was ruined; I finished it off as quickly as possible, and retired in high dudgeon. The double bass player and 'Britannia' both apologised afterwards as well as they could, but to this day I have an uncomfortable suspicion that the whole thing was carefully planned!

"Have I ever appeared on the stage? No, not on the stage proper. I once played in some amateur performances, but did not exactly bring down the house—at least, not in the most satisfactory way to one's-self. Do I recollect any particular incident? Well, yes, one was particularly annoying and disagreeable to me, at all events, but the audience seemed to appreciate it immensely.

"I impersonated some greedy, grasping old German Jew, who wanted to marry his daughter to a rich banker. Girl was very pretty, banker was desperately in love, but his passion was not reciprocated; he hated me like 'pizen,' but tried to be civil. We went to get marriage settlement arranged, and 'light refreshments' were produced. Being greedy by repute I of course was expected to make a hit by finishing up the cake and wine before any one else had a chance. At rehearsal I rather enjoyed this episode, as the port was fruity and the plum cake toothsome. Judge of my horror and disgust when I found that some wretch had substituted *seed* cake, a thing I simply detest and loathe. However, there was no help for it, and I had to act the part and polish off the whole lot as if I thoroughly enjoyed it.

"Ugh! the very recollection makes me writhe, and I had a sort of incipient *mal-de-mer* for the rest of the evening. This was not the worst, however. My daughter (a larkly young lady) carried a huge bouquet, which she laid on a chair whilst she dabbed at her back hair before the glass prior to the entry of her lover. When he arrived bows and scrapes were exchanged, and he motioned me to a chair. Of course I selected that on which the bouquet lay, that was part of the play, and of course sat on it and jumped up again in a hurry, that also was part of the play; but the stern (!) reality of the thing was emphasised most unmistakeably by the fact that there *was* something other than sham holly leaves in that bouquet. The larkly young lady in question, in company with her

larkier young scamp of a brother, had arranged matters beforehand! Every one said it was the most natural piece of acting I did throughout the play, and I quite believed them!!

"Can I tell you anything about my first appearance as a reciter?"

"Yes, I can, but it will take too long to-day; perhaps if you are round this way some other time and could look in I shall be pleased to see you."

"Good-bye, mind the step; nousey weather, isn't it. I don't *think* they've left the dog loose, but if you come across him be prepared to kick hard and often if necessary."

"Ta-ta;" and my interviewer vanished into the gloom of the carriage drive. As I was not called upon to attend any inquest, I conclude he did *not* meet the dog!



### HOW TO USE THE PIANOFORTE PEDALS.

There are certainly many thousands of pianoforte students at the present day, and as certainly other thousands who although they do not describe themselves as students profess more or less to perform on our long-suffering domestic instrument, yet the number of persons who are really acquainted with its actual powers, resources, or capabilities is probably not more than one per cent. of the whole; and even of these not more than half seem able to put their principles into practice. In particular are those invaluable aids to the pianist, the pedals, abused or not used at all: so in the hope that a few practical suggestions may have a practical result are the following remarks offered to our readers.

The person who first christened the right-hand pedal with the name "loud" deserves a severe retribution: he ought to be compelled to listen to the results of his thoughtlessness for the rest of his natural life! or, if he has paid the penalty of his existence and gone the way of all flesh, we can imagine no more awful punishment awaiting him than the haunting horrors of the cacophonous noises produced by myriads of school-girls and the memories of the agonies of their unhappy victims!

It has certainly been much easier to create the popular idea that the right-hand is the "loud" and the left-hand the "soft" pedal than it is to get rid of it! and yet a very little consideration will shew us how absurd these titles are.

Let us open the pianoforte, and see what effect the use of the pedals has on the mechanism. First, please observe that the pressure of a key has two results: we cause the hammer to strike the string, and also we raise the "damper" at the same time and so permit the string to sound; while on releasing the key the hammer falls back, and the "damper" of felt or cloth at once terminates the sound. The "dampers," it should be observed, are not applied to the upper notes.

Now if we press down the right-hand pedal we see that immediately the "dampers," which ordinarily fall against the string when a key is released, are all simultaneously suspended, and do not return; therefore leaving any string or strings still

vibrating which may have been previously struck, and permitting any struck subsequently to continuously sound also until the pedal is quitted, when the "dampers" attached to the separate keys only act as above described.

If we press down the left-hand pedal, we cause the hammers to strike a less number of strings than when the pedal is in its usual position, thus producing not only a softer tone, but also an alteration in its quality. (Of course the student knows that pianos are constructed with two or even three strings to a note, tuned in unison, for the purpose of doubling or tripling the power.) In grand pianofortes the keys themselves move a little to the right; in upright pianofortes the action itself is shifted, the keys remaining in position. Some makers, however, to avoid certain disadvantages connected with the latter system, cause a slip of felt or cloth to be interposed between the hammer and the string instead of moving the action, the effect being similar, though not exactly alike.

Having now learnt the principles on which the pedals act, we can proceed to deduce rules for their use. We will first consider the "sustaining" or right-hand pedal, generally spoken of as "the pedal" because it is the most important and commonly used.

As we have seen that every key struck with the pedal down continues sounding until the natural vibrations of the string have died away, it follows that they must not be prolonged in such a manner as to produce discords, as is the case when two or more notes of a major, minor or chromatic scale are heard at the same time. The fundamental rule for its use is thus ably given by Professor Ernst Pauer: "The pedal ought strictly only to be applied for passages of one harmony, care being taken to release it whenever the harmony changes or when the passages are composed of notes in either diatonic or chromatic succession." (To this broad general rule there are exceptions of which we shall speak in due course.)

The right foot should always be kept close to the pedal, and when it is required to be used it should be fully pressed down (or it will not suffi-

ciently raise the dampers), yet with such gentleness that its action may not be heard; its complete release, too, requires equal care, so that there may be no undue prolongation of the sound and no noise either from the pedal or the dampers. To make the movement with the required delicacy, certainty and precision, it is best to keep the heel on the floor while pressing with the toe.

It must always be applied simultaneously with the chord struck by the fingers, if it be wished to prolong the sound after they have left the keys; or it may be even applied before striking, if the nature of the music permit. *But it is absolutely essential that the pedal be applied before the keys are quitted in ever so slight degree.*

It can be used for all degrees of loudness and softness whenever we wish to sustain any note or notes after our hands have left the keys, and are therefore unable to keep them sounding. It practically has almost the effect of a third hand, as it is quite possible by its use to play a *cantabile* in the middle octaves accompanied by *arpeggios* above and below it, with long-sustained notes in the bass, all heard at once in a manner possible without its aid only to several hands.

The use of the sustaining pedal is indicated by the word *Ped.*, and it is to be held down until the time for its release, shown by an asterisk (\*) or similar sign. The toe should not be raised too soon, or the effect will perhaps be thin and poor when it should be rich and full; nor must it be prolonged unduly, or we shall have horrible discords. Therefore, sometimes the interval that elapses between the raising and re-striking of the pedal will be very slight indeed, but it must nevertheless exist; it is better to cut it off a little too soon than to prolong it too much. The rapid taking and leaving must be practised until its proper use is quite automatic, requiring little exertion of the will.

When a low note is struck loudly, followed by passages in the higher octaves played softly, the pedal may be often sustained even if the harmonies change, as the dampers are absent from the upper part of the instrument. For the same reason, quite soft passages, even if chromatic, do not sound ill with the pedal if they are not low down or in the middle of the keyboard; but on the contrary they sound rather well, something like an *Æolian* harp or distant music (especially when used in combination with the "soft" or shifting pedal).

Modern composers do not always indicate precisely when the pedal is to be used: it may therefore be taken that it is to be employed whenever there are extensions which cannot be kept down by the fingers.

The pedal is also used with specially good effect in *tremolando* passages; but care must be taken to release it and resume it with every change of har-

mony. It is most useful and effective, too, in broken chords and *arpeggios* if the harmony does not change very quickly; and it should also always be used when it is required to connect chords which could not be played *legato* with the fingers and belong to the same harmony. Any termination of a piece, whether soft or loud, ought to be played with the pedal down, if the chords do not change.

As the pedal sustains the sound it is assumed by some professors that it should not be used during *staccato* passages, as it removes the effect intended; but it is a matter of fact that when the pedal is used *staccato* notes do not sound the same as they would if held down by the hand.

Liszt sometimes uses the pedal while the hands execute chromatic runs quite low down on the instrument; and Beethoven has also contemplated the same effect. But it is quite for a special purpose, and forms merely the exemption which proves the rule we have already cited.

The "shifting" or "soft" pedal is much seldomer used than the "sustaining" pedal. Its employment is indicated by the words "*una corda*" (one string) and discontinuance by the words "*tre corda*" (three strings), the reason of which is obvious from the explanation already given. In using it no great force should be applied to the keys, and it should only be employed for a short time, as it easily gets out of order and causes the pianoforte to require frequent tuning. It is of very pleasing effect when used in combination with the sustaining pedal, particularly in *arpeggio-like* passages. But it must not be imagined it is to be used every time *piano* is marked, for apart from the fact that the best soft effects are produced by the fingers alone, the use of the "shifting" pedal produces a peculiar kind of tone only suited to a few kinds of passage, and then generally indicated by the composer.

The sustaining pedal should not be used to cover up deficiencies in execution, by creating a kind of harmonic tone cloud which prevents the performer's shortcomings from being clearly heard; this is the resource of the feeble, ill-trained and incompetent. In fact, it is a good plan never to use it at all until the difficulties of the piece have been quite surmounted, and even then with reserve and moderation.

As the sustaining pedal was not invented in Mozart's time it could not have been employed by him, and its use should be very limited in his compositions and those of Bach and the earlier compositions of Clementi.

Beethoven, Steibelt and Dussek employed it frequently, but its general use can be only said to date from the present century. Hummel despised it, and it is rarely required in his works. Beethoven occasionally indicated its employment by the words "*Senza Sordino*," the terms "*con Sordino*" shewing where it is to be raised. It is certainly indis-



pensable to many of his later compositions, and may be also regarded in the same light with respect to most pianoforte works since his day. By the aid of the hints we have given we hope that the charming compositions of Thalberg, Döhler,

Henselt, Chopin, Liszt, &c.,—those past-masters of the use of the pedals—may be still further appreciated and enjoyed by both performers and audience.



### A STUDENT'S EXPERIENCES.

Any one whose fortune it has been to have mixed much amongst our young musicians cannot have failed to mark the intense longing on the part of the majority to enter their names on the books of some foreign Conservatoire, there to pursue for a time their studies amid all the novel surroundings to be met with in a foreign town. Suppose then, that all difficulties have been removed, and this longing to be on the eve of realisation, the question then arises, Where am I to go? To which of the many musical centres shall I direct my steps? From which of the many professors may I hope to derive the greatest benefit? Vocalists would doubtless select some Italian city, long celebrated for its singing school where the traditions and precepts of some famous master are still treasured by the teachers of to-day; or possibly Paris might be the chosen spot, which of late years has trained many of our most celebrated singers. Students of the pianoforte or some orchestral instrument, or composers who wish to carry forward their studies to the highest point, would probably decide to go to some German city. In the "Fatherland," as we all know, there are many cities of world-wide reputation. The capital of the Empire, where Joachim, foremost of classical violinists, holds sway; Leipzig, with its loving reminiscences of Mendelssohn and of J. S. Bach; Frankfort, associated with the name of Clara Schumann; and other towns, the names of which will readily recur to the reader. Fortunately, it is not for me in the present article to compare the varying claims of these artistic centres, or to award the palm for superiority; my object being rather to give some particulars of the musical institutions of Berlin, where it was my good fortune some years ago to spend a considerable time. Situate on the Spree, Berlin stands in the middle of a vast sandy plain, and in windy weather the clouds of dust of the finest quality seem to penetrate everywhere; eyes, throat, lungs and temper alike suffer, and in culinary matters an egg is the only article of food into which sand does not enter as a component part. Berlin is a busy place, a large military centre, the abode of the Kaiser, the home of many noble families and of men distinguished for their attainments in literary and scientific subjects, and, notwithstanding many drawbacks, is for ten months

of the year a charming place to live in. It is intensely cold in winter, the most delightful season of all, when music of all kinds is in full swing, and various amusements nightly appeal to the pleasure-loving public. Here spring is really "ethereal mildness," and in good seasons the month of May is a thing to dream of. There is a balmy freshness in the air which almost convinces us that the poets of the olden time in writing of this vernal season were not romancing, but really said that which was true. July and August are simply unbearable from the torrid, stifling heat which finds out all the weak spots in the sanitation of the city. Since the Franco-German War Berlin has much improved in appearance; fine streets and squares have sprung up, numbers of folk have flocked hither from the provinces, and as a natural consequence all the necessities of life have become much dearer. The old pavement of rough cobbles, over which the droschkies used to rattle and jolt so noisily, has given place to the more modern wood or asphalt, and a network of tram and omnibus lines has rendered locomotion both easy and economical. The prices asked for admission to the opera (which is liberally subsidised by the State) and to concerts of a high class are reasonable when compared with London charges, and as a rule the audience is not expected to appear in evening dress even in the stalls; the performances are generally over by ten o'clock or a little later, and on fine evenings vehicles can be dispensed with.

The musical institutions of Berlin are many, but first and foremost stands the Royal High School for Music (Königliche Hochschule für Musik). In the year 1833 a school with four professors for the study of musical composition was founded and placed under the direction of the Academy of Arts. The practical side was left entirely to private enterprise, and conservatoires under Kullak and Stern were established, and carried on excellent work for many years. It was not until 1869 that the Government was moved to open another division for the study of the violin, violoncello and piano, which was amalgamated with the earlier body and placed under the direction of Professor Joachim. This appointment was most fortunate in every way for the School, for the director, ever

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jealous for its reputation, has constantly agitated for the inclusion of other subjects in the curriculum. In 1871 he succeeded in opening a class for the organ, and in the following year professors for brass instruments, the double bass and solo singing were appointed. In 1873 a choral class was started, which in twelve months developed into a full choral body for the study of oratorios and kindred works. It will be seen that there are at present in the Hochschule a theoretical and a practical side; one for composition, the other for performance. The governing body consists of the director, the secretary to the Academy of Arts, and the head professors for composition, singing and pianoforte. There are now 45 professors who give instruction in every branch of musical study, including declamation and the Italian language. In the various divisions certain subjects are obligatory. Composition students must study pianoforte-playing and the history of music; singing pupils must attend classes for theory and history of music, pianoforte, Italian and declamation; orchestral players must study the pianoforte and attend the classes for history of music; organ and pianoforte students must take up history and theory, and the former are also expected to study the structure of the organ. Performances are given by the pupils at very frequent intervals, when one may hear a symphony, an oratorio or opera given in the most creditable manner. On certain occasions students have an opportunity of conducting the orchestra under the eye of the chief, who criticises their efforts at the close of the performance; to the young musician this is very valuable experience. One of the most interesting classes is that for score reading and transposition, presided over by Professor W. Bargiel. The members of this class are requested in turn to play from open score (soprano, alto and tenor parts in C clef), and to transpose the same into any key demanded. The Book of Chorales, harmonised by J. S. Bach, and his Church Cantatas are used as a stepping-stone to full score reading.

The annual payment ranges from about £12 to £15. Many of the poorer but talented students not only receive their education gratis, but are also assisted by grants of money. The amount received by this institution from the State is about 150,000 marks (£7,500).

Another kindred establishment under the patronage of the State is the Royal Institute for Church Music, for the education of organists, precentors and music teachers in the Government schools. This was founded in 1822, and has done much in a humble way for the cause of music in Germany. The celebrated Augustus Haupt was director for many years, and at his death a short time ago Professor Radecke was promoted to the vacancy. Other schools worthy of mention are Stern's Con-

servatoire (1850) and that under Professors Klindworth and Scharwenka.

Among choral societies the most pre-eminent is the Sing Akademie, which dates back to 1791, and was founded by Fasch, an eminent composer, and accompanist to Frederick the Great. He died in 1800, and was succeeded by Zelter, under whom Mendelssohn studied. On Zelter's death (1832) the latter hoped to have had the appointment, but was passed over in favour of Rungenhagen, who was followed by Grell in 1851; the present director is Martin Blumner. There are now upwards of 600 members enrolled. A preparatory class is held weekly for the less advanced, who are only admitted into the ranks of the upper division after satisfying the director as to their musical fitness. This society has done much to popularize the works of Handel in Germany, although they are very conservative in their ideas, and will have nothing to say to Mozart's additional accompaniments. I must also mention that it was at the Sing Akademie that the first performance of Bach's "Passion" (*St. Matthew*) took place in 1829, under Mendelssohn. The society's repertoire is a large one, and, in addition to most of the oratorios, it includes Bach's Church Cantatas and Motets as well as his larger works, and Masses à Capella in 16 parts by Fasch and Grell. It is the aristocratic musical society of Berlin, many of the members belonging to the best families. The performances are distinguished by great refinement, and the acoustical properties of the concert-room are perfect.

Most music-lovers pay occasional visits to the Lutheran Cathedral on Sunday mornings, when for half-an-hour before the commencement of the ordinary service it is customary for the choir of men and boys, about 60 in number, to sing a selection of sacred music unaccompanied. It was a great treat to listen to them placed up in the organ loft behind a grill or iron trellis-work as they sang some beautiful motet; for the parts were well balanced and the general execution most artistic. But the delightful calm induced by their exquisite singing was often very rudely dispelled when, at the end of their programme and just as the service proper was about to commence, they were heard clattering helter-skelter down the stairs and out into the street. This was the signal for many others to depart also, for the chorale was now to be sung by the congregation. Before going abroad I had heard and read of the wonderfully thrilling effect produced by this German congregational singing. People would say "Oh! the Germans being born musicians sing so well together; the devotional effect is indescribable; we've nothing like it in England!" Thank God! we have not, I say. Full of all this, and promising myself a treat, on my first Sunday morning I hied me to the cathedral. The chorale prelude I much en-

joyed, but words fail to express my utter disappointment when the people's turn came. I had looked forward to so much, and now my gold had indeed become dross. The organist pulls out pretty nearly every stop he has got on the great, and on that plays the melody, accompanying on a softer manual. The pace is *molto adagio*, but still the people persistently drag on a good half beat behind. It is sufficient to drive any musician frantic. This disappointment was all the more bitter because I had been accustomed to splendid congregational singing in Leeds Parish Church and in York Minster during the Advent services in the nave.

The time spent by me in Berlin I look back upon as the very happiest of my life; every hour had its appointed duty, for I worked hard for various professors between whiles, and pored over the full scores of many standard works. Before leaving England I had been well grounded in harmony and counterpoint, and had had some experience in composition under G. A. Macfarren. This branch I adopted as my principal study, and had the good fortune to secure Professor Kiel for my instructor. He was a most estimable man, of large sympathies, took great interest in his pupils, and was recognised as the first contrapuntist in Europe. We embryo composers used to wait upon him at his house, where I have often had my lesson before eight a.m. All styles of work were submitted to him by us, ranging from a movement of a symphony down to a simple example in counterpoint. His subjects for the latter were selected from the chorales, which he much preferred to those by Cherubini. His insistence upon our working out canonic examples at every interval was a standing joke amongst us. These canons had to be of considerable length, involving a definite modulation and return to the original motif and key within so many bars. His grasp of the details of a large work seemed to be intuitive, and after turning over a few pages of MSS. he would make his remarks, which often revealed to the young composer visions of the possibilities in his work of which he had never dreamed. Under Professor Haupt I went through a course of Bach's organ works and those of modern writers, which excited the keenest interest in me. I suppose that Haupt had a more thorough knowledge of Bach's organ works than any man living, and his memory was prodigious. He was able to play by heart at a moment's notice almost any piece by that master that might be asked for, and his marvellous powers as an extempore player in the style of Bach were generally acknowledged. On most German organs the swell is conspicuous by its absence; Haupt

considered it a trivial addition and quite beneath the dignity of the instrument. His registering for the fugues was characterised by boldness rather than refinement, and his tempo in many instances were much slower than that usually adopted in England. He gave me a copy of a clever arrangement of the Pedal Solo in the Toccata in F which he had made for organs of short compass. Any spare time I had I gave to the piano under Professors Barth and Graban.

If I were asked "Did you learn anything in Berlin that you could not have acquired equally well at home?" I should answer "Yes, much," and that not because the teachers here are necessarily inferior to those abroad. I should rather say that, owing to the many opportunities of hearing music in a place in Berlin, one can learn so much indirectly. There there is in the air a more pervading spirit of art and music, which seems to surround one; and when new works are given people flock to listen to them, and enterprise is thus rewarded. I heard there many works that I have never heard in this country and probably never shall, and yet they are works of interest to a musician, *e.g.*, operas by Marschner, Spontini, Rubinstein and Spohr. Again, on every evening of the week (except during the hot weather when the hall was closed) an orchestral concert was given by about 70 performers under a competent conductor; on two evenings every week they gave a classical programme which included possibly a couple of symphonies, or one symphony and a concerto, a couple of overtures, etc., etc. I made a point of attending all these, and as their repertoire was a very large and varied one, and I was generally provided with a full score, I became acquainted with more music than I could possibly have heard in England during a much longer experience. Then, again, prices were cheaper, distances shorter and performances terminated earlier, scarcely any later than ten o'clock. I would recommend every student who can manage it to go abroad. He will find in it a novel experience, his views will broaden out, and perhaps he will come back feeling prouder of the musical talent of his own countrymen, for the Germans do not beat us, even in music, at every point. It is most advisable to have a fair knowledge of the language before starting.

I cannot close this short notice without paying a tribute of gratitude to Professor Joachim for his great courtesy and for many acts of kindness received at his hands. He is a welcome guest to our shores, and in Berlin he is always glad to see an Englishman and to help and advise him to the best of his ability.



